

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt hee owes to you,
Euen with the bloody paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a secret Booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to or'ewalke a Currant roring lowd
On the vnsteadfull footing of a speare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or sinke or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowze a Lion, then to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heauen, mee thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where sadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corruall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac't fellowship.

Wor. Hee apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the forme of what hee should attend;
Good Cousin giue mee audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By God hee shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, hee shall not,

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He sayd he would not ransome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when hee lies asleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:

Nay, ile haue a Starling shall bee taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you, Cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, ile talke to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glostershire*;

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnkle kept,
His vnkle *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from *Raunspurgh*.

Nor. At *Barkely* Castle.

Hot. You say true.
Why what a candy deale of courtesie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age
And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kind Cousin;

C

O, the